

No. 5-February 10

GENE AUTRY

COMICS

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

10¢

THE
MYSTERY OF
PAINT ROCK
CANYON



The Big 3 in Comics

GET YOURS AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 OF GENE AUTRY COMICS, published bi-monthly at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for October 1, 1942.

State of Connecticut }
County of Fairfield } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Gordon Fawcett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of GENE AUTRY COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, Neil Reid, 144 Broadway, L. I., N. Y.; Managing Editor, Ralph Daigh, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Business Manager, Gordon Fawcett, Stamford, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; W. H. Fawcett, Jr., Norwalk, Conn.; Marion Bagg, Tulsa, Okla.; Roger Fawcett, Larchmont, N. Y.; Gordon Fawcett, Stamford, Conn.; Roscoe Kent Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; Allan Adams, Greenwich, Conn.; W. H. Fawcett Trust, Greenwich, Conn.; Barona Fawcett Trust, Minneapolis, Minn.; John Fawcett, Los Angeles, Calif.; Virginia Lee Buckley, Santa Barbara, Calif.; Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder

appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

GORDON FAWCETT,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1942.

[Seal] LILLIAN M. BUSHLEY,
Notary Public.

(My commission expires February 1, 1943.)

Vol. 1, No. 5. February 10, 1943

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HOURS
LATER

TH' STORM'S OVER,
CHAMP. BUT TH'
TRAIL'S GONE, TOO.



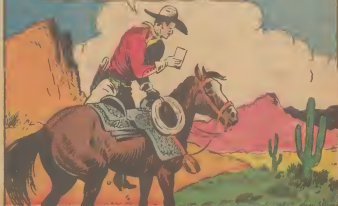
A WALLET! SOMEBODY MUSTA
DROPPED IT AND TH' STORM
UNCOVERED IT.



NOTHIN' IN IT BUT AN OLD
ENVELOPE ADDRESSED TO BILL
BURLEY, RANCHO GRANDE,
TEXAS. IT WAS MAILED IN MAY,
1932. THAT'S MOREN TEN
YEARS AGO!



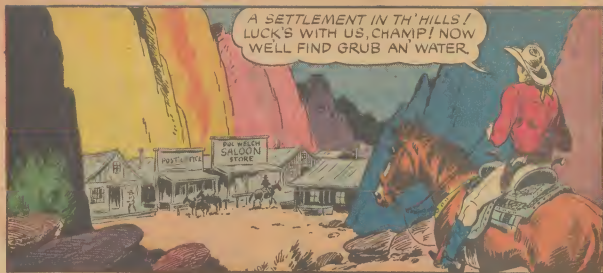
MEBBE SOMEDAY WE'LL RUN
ACROSS THIS BILL BURLEY AN'
GIVE HIM BACK HIS WALLET.

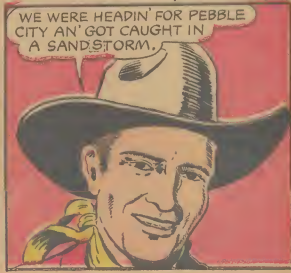
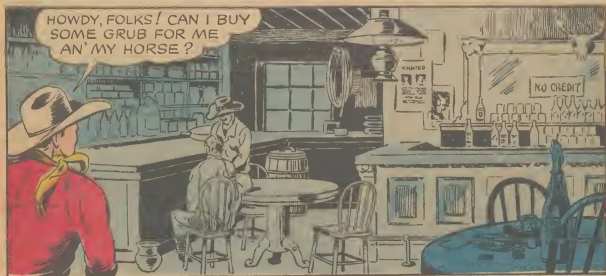
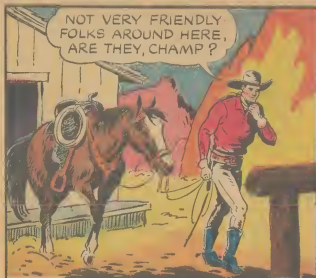


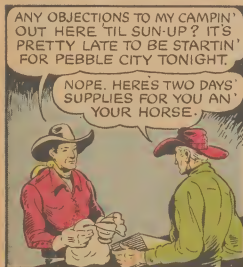
I'VE LOST OUR BEARIN'S, CHAMP. ALL
WE CAN DO IS TAKE A CHANCE AN'
HEAD FOR THOSE HILLS.



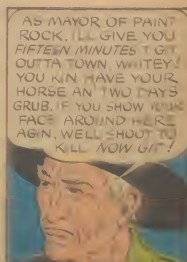




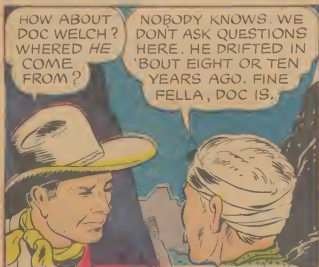
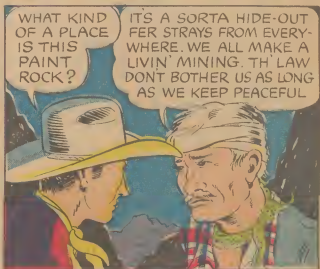








SEND YOUR GREASE TO YOUR BUTCHER AND WE WILL FRY THOSE AXIS BUTCHERS!



NEXT MORNING

WE HAVE A LONG RIDE
AHEAD OF US, CHAMP.
WE'LL SAY S'LONG TO
TH' DOC AN' PUSH ON.



SOMEBODY'S COMIN'
AN' RIDIN' FAST!

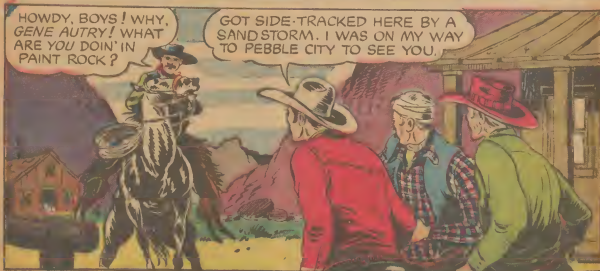


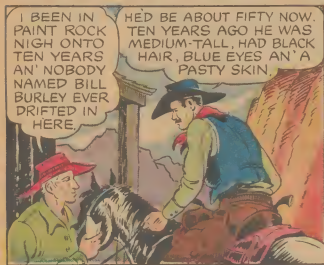
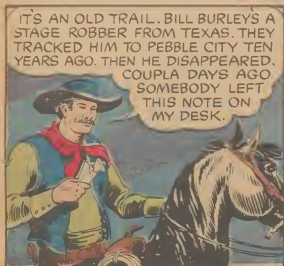
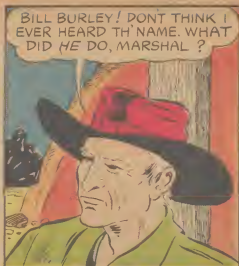
IT'S JACK THOMAS!
WONDER WHAT TH'
MARSHAL WANTS
IN PAINT ROCK

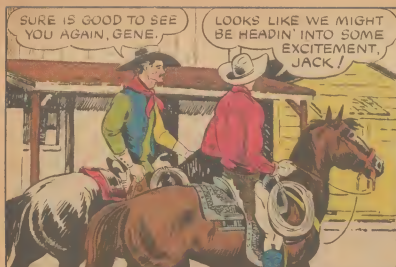


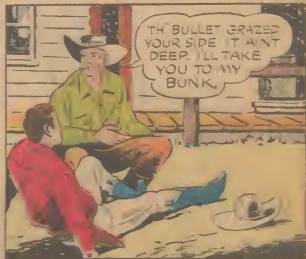
HOWDY, BOYS! WHY,
GENE AUTRY! WHAT
ARE YOU DOIN' IN
PAINT ROCK?

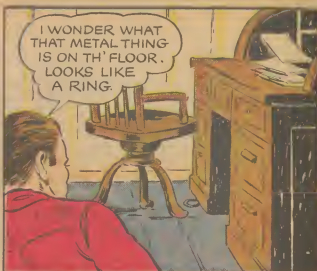
GOT SIDE-TRACKED HERE BY A
SANDSTORM. I WAS ON MY WAY
TO PEBBLE CITY TO SEE YOU.

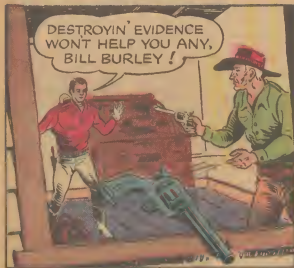
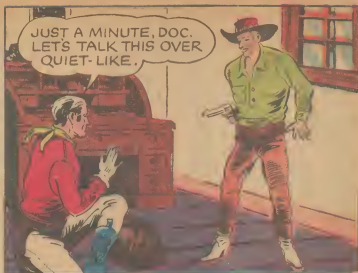






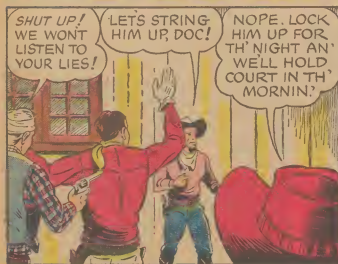




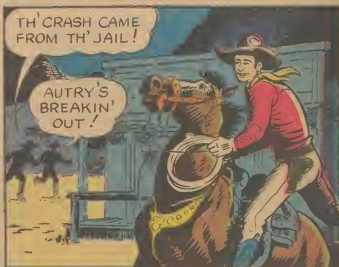


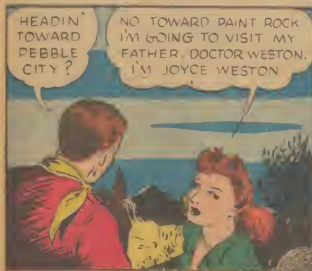


SAVE YOUR TIN AND WE WILL WIN









YES THATS WHAT HE CALLS HIMSELF.
HE DISAPPEARED TEN YEARS AGO
I'VE FINALLY TRACED HIM TO
PAINT ROCK.



DOES YOUR
FATHER
KNOW
YOU'RE
COMIN'?

NO YOU SEE HE WAS
CONVICTED OF A MURDER
IN TEXAS HE ESCAPED
AND HE'S BEEN HIDING
OUT NOW THEYVE FOUND
THAT THE REAL MURDERER
WAS A MAN NAMED
BILL BURLEY SO
DAD'S FREE.

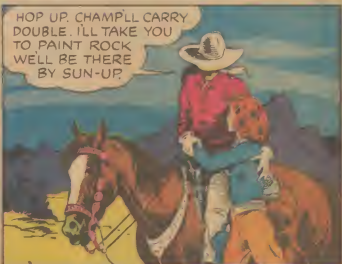


DO YOU KNOW THIS
MAN BILL BURLEY?



NO. I NEVER
SAW HIM.

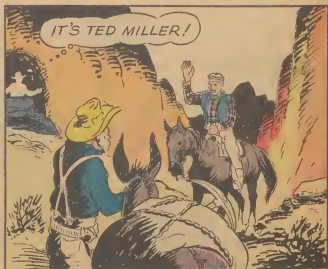
HOP UP. CHAMP'LL CARRY
DOUBLE. I'LL TAKE YOU
TO PAINT ROCK
WE'LL BE THERE
BY SUN-UP.

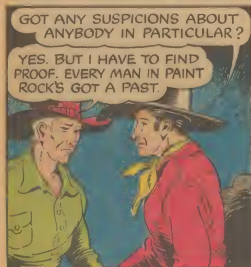
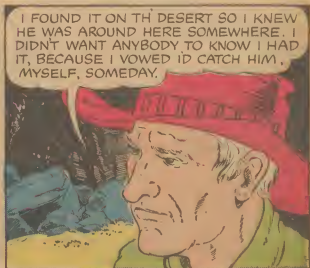
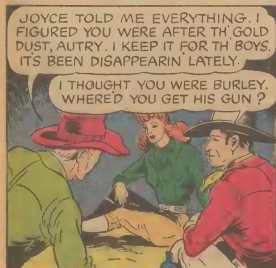


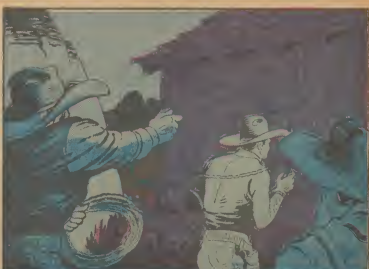
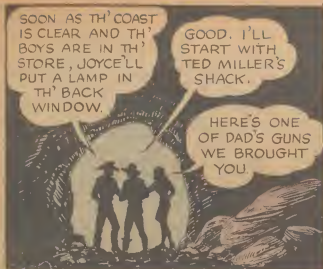
NOW YOU KNOW TH' WHOLE STORY
I CANT SHOW MY FACE IN PAINT ROCK.



BUT I CAN! AND
I'LL SEE WHAT I
CAN FIND OUT.







BUY WAR STAMPS AND LICK THE AXIS



RECKON YOU WON'T DO
ANY SEARCHIN' TONIGHT,
AUTRY.



HE'LL NEVER SEE WHERE
HE'S GOIN' NOW.



WHAT WE GOIN' TO
DO WITH HIM WHEN
WE GIT HIM
THERE ?

KEEP HIM 'TIL
TH' BOSS TELLS
US WHAT
TO DO.



NOBODY'LL
EVER FIND HIM
UP HERE.

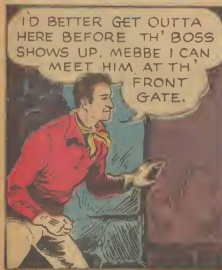


WHO'S YOUR
BOSS ? THIS
BILL BURLEY ?

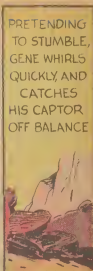
WE DONT
ANSWER NO
QUESTIONS IN
PAINT ROCK.















SAVE YOUR SCRAP TO WIN THIS SCRAP



THERE GOES TH FIRST
STONE! MEBBE TH OTHERS
WILL MOVE EASIER.



WHO'S IN THERE?
YELL OUT OR I'LL
START SHOOTIN'!



GENE AUTRY! WHO'RE
YOU? YOU CAN PUT
THAT GUN AWAY.
THEY TOOK MINE.



AUTRY! I SURE NEVER
EXPECTED TO FIND
YOU HERE!



WHITEY JONES!
WHAT YOU DOIN'
HERE. SINCE
THEY RAN
YOU OUTTA
PAINT ROCK?

THAT'S MY
BUSINESS!
WHO SHUT
YOU UP
HERE?



DONT TALK NOW, WHITEY!
HELP ME OUTTA HERE! TH'
ROOFS CAVIN' IN ON ME!





THERE GOES TH' ROOF!
THAT SURE WAS A
CLOSE SHAVE!



LOOK OUT! TH'
WHOLE ENTRANCE
IS CAVIN' IN!



I'M SURE MUCH OBLIGED
TO YOU, WHITEY. I'D BEEN
A GONER, IF YOU HADNT
COME ALONG-

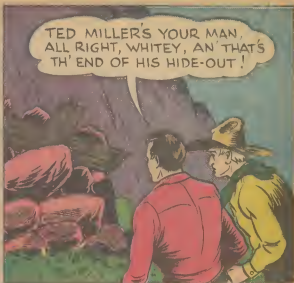


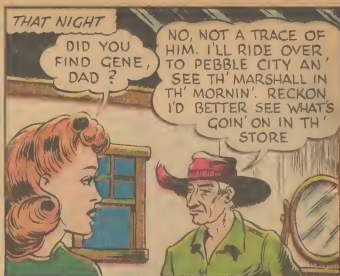
NOW YOU'LL TALK, AUTRY. WHO
SHUT YOU UP IN THERE?

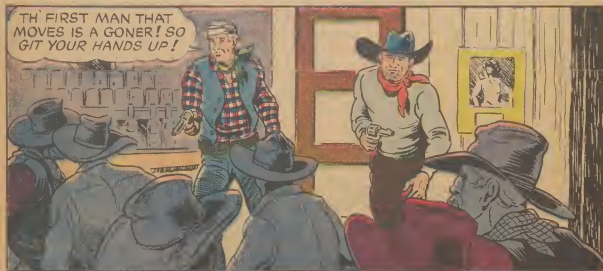


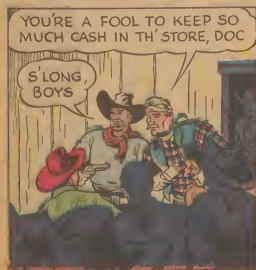
TH' SAME GUY
YOU TRIED TO
ROB TED
MILLER!

TED MILLER!
YOU MEAN
YOU AINT IN
CAHOOTS
WITH HIM?







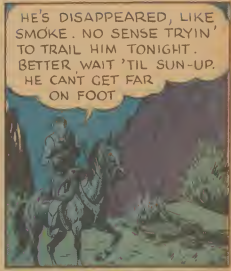


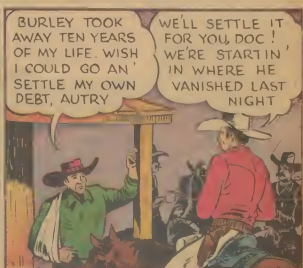
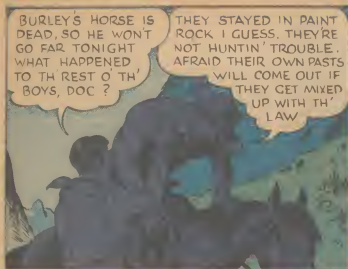


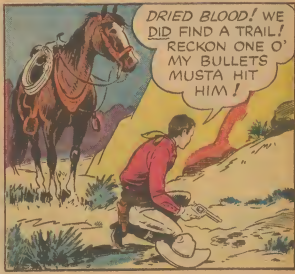
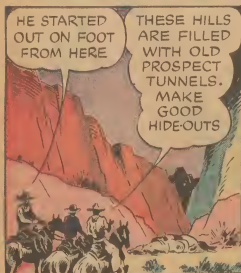
A BOND A DAY WILL KEEP THE AXIS AWAY

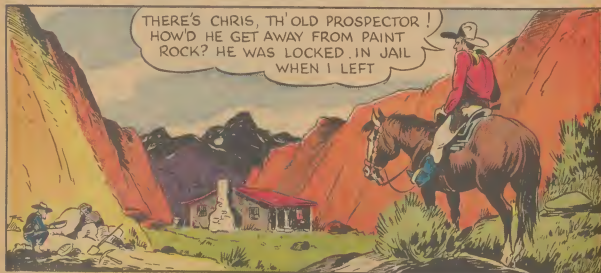
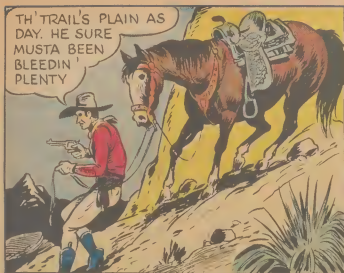




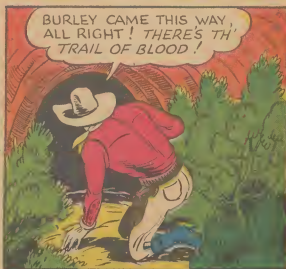




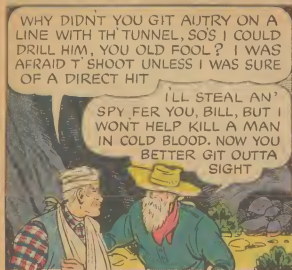




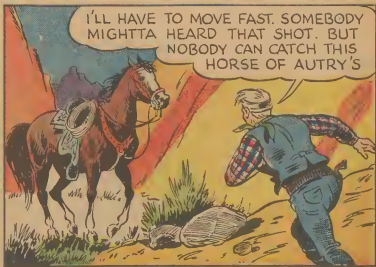


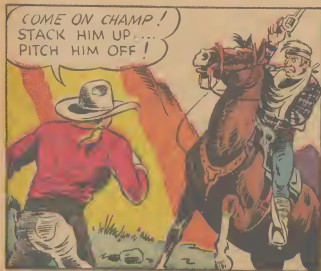


A WAR STAMP A DAY WILL STOW THE AXIS AWAY









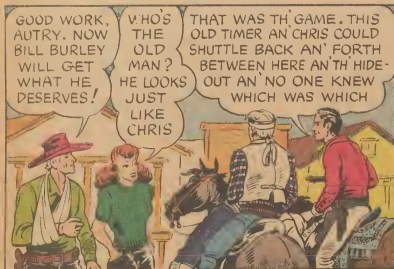


CHAMP GOT YOU, BURLEY!
AN' THIS TIME YOU
WON'T GET AWAY!



LATER

LUCKY FOR YOU, BURLEY,
THAT MACK HAD THAT HORSE
HIDDEN IN BLACK GULLY. IT
WOULD'DA BEEN A LONG
WALK INTO PAINT ROCK



GOOD WORK,
AUTRY. NOW
BILL BURLEY
WILL GET
WHAT HE
DESERVES!

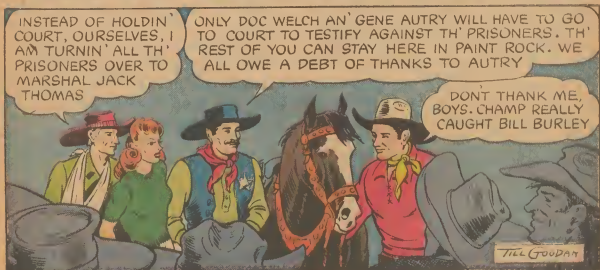
WHO'S
THE
OLD
MAN?
HE LOOKS
JUST
LIKE
CHRIS

THAT WAS TH' GAME. THIS
OLD TIMER AN' CHRIS COULD
SHUTTLE BACK AN' FORTH
BETWEEN HERE AN' TH' HIDE-
OUT AN' NO ONE KNEW
WHICH WAS WHICH



TH' MARSHAL WILL BE HERE
SOON, AN' I'LL GIVE TH' SIGNAL
FOR TH' OTHER
SEARCHIN' PARTIES TO
COME IN

YOU'LL
FIND TH' MISSIN'
GOLD DUST IN
MACK'S SHACK



INSTEAD OF HOLDIN'
COURT, OURSELVES, I
AM TURNIN' ALL TH'
PRISONERS OVER TO
MARSHAL JACK
THOMAS

ONLY DOC WELCH AN' GENE AUTRY WILL HAVE TO GO
TO COURT TO TESTIFY AGAINST TH' PRISONERS. TH'
REST OF YOU CAN STAY HERE IN PAINT ROCK. WE
ALL OWE A DEBT OF THANKS TO AUTRY

DON'T THANK ME,
BOYS. CHAMP REALLY
CAUGHT BILL BURLEY

TILL GOODMAN



The dusty little courtroom was filled with the mutter of low, threatening voices.

"Quiet!" the wrinkled, gray-haired Justice thundered in a strong voice.

"What's the use of wastin' time on a trial, Sam?" a man on the front bench called suddenly. "Let's jest take the thiev-in' skunk out an' string him up an' go on about our bizness."

"There ain't goin' to be no stringin' up while I'm Justice of the Peace, Hank Jenkins!" Justice Sam Brent said quietly, looking at the man on the front bench. "I aim to see that Tim gets a fair an' square trial. So all o' you better keep quiet, or out you go! Now we'll go on with the case of the People o' Cottonwood County agin Timothy Brown. Tell your story, Sheriff."

"What's the sense of tellin' it all over agin, Sam?" the Sheriff asked.

"I want to hear it agin," the Justice said.

"Tim Brown came to Cottonwood City 'bout a year ago," the sheriff said. "He was lookin' fer work an' Widder Elkins gave him a berth on her ranch. After Tom Elkins died, Sary tried to keep on runnin' the outfit an' she needed a hand. So she hired Tim Brown. Tim eased his way into Sary's confeedence. Fin'ly he talked her into mortgagin' the place, so she could buy more stock an' repair the barns. He got the money in cash. Three thousand

dollars it was. Tim started out early in the mornin' fer Millertown to buy the stock. Bud Kramer, one o' Sary's hands, went with him. An' Tim come back alone on foot that evenin', tellin' the wild yarn that he'd been ambushed an' robbed on the road an' that poor old Bud had been shot down in cold blood.

"Sary had so much trust in the varmint that she believed him. But that night Tim skipped, takin' one of Sary's best horses. Jock Diggins, another one o' Sary's old hands, tracked him down an' caught him, jest as he was gettin' on the Millertown stage. An' we put him in jail."

Again the threatening mutter of many voices filled the hot, stifling room.

"Keep quiet!" the Justice yelled above the noise. When a rustling silence took the place of the angry mutters, the Justice turned to the Sheriff. "Didja ever find the three thousand dollars, Ed?" he asked.

"Nope. Tim sure hid it good an' he won't talk," the Sheriff answered.

"We'll make the skunk talk!" a dozen voices shouted. "Let us have him, Sam."

"Quiet!" the Justice roared.

Slowly Tim Brown stood up. He was a lean, wiry man in his early fifties.

"Guilty or not guilty, Tim?" the Justice asked.

"Not guilty!" Tim's voice was low.

The Justice pulled his gun from its holster at his belt and laid it on the table in front of him. Then he looked at the men on the benches.

"If there's any commotion in here, I won't wait to pound my gavel," he said quietly. "Now tell your story, Tim."

"Bud an' I started for town with Sary Elkins' money, like Ed said," Tim Brown began. "We were ridin' along an', all of a sudden, a man jumped outa the underbrush alongside the road. He had the drop on me. There wasn't nothin' I could

do. Bud tried to pull his gun an' the fella shot him down. He took the money an' my guns. Then he led his own horse outa the bushes an' rode away, takin' my horse with him. That's the truth, Sam."

"Got any idee who the fella was, Tim?" the Justice asked after a moment.

"No. He had a bandanna tied across his face."

"Why'd you try to skip out?" the Justice continued.

"In the middle o' the night, I got an idee. I suddenly remembered somethin' about the man an' I knew I'd recognize him if I saw him agin. I figgered he'd head for Millertown an' the railroad with all that money. I decided I'd foller him. I didn't want to wake Sary up, so I just lit out. I had to move fast."

"What did you remember about him, Tim?" The Justice leaned forward.

"I'd rather not say out loud," Tim said quietly. "If the fella's around, he could guard agin givin' himself away. I'll tell you, private-like."

"Don't lissen to him, Sam!" Hank Jenkins shouted from the front bench.

"Shut up, Hank Jenkins!" The Justice stood up and glared down at the other man. "I'm the Justice an' I'll run this here court as I see fit. An' don't fergit, boys, that I can still shoot straight!"

The room was silent as the Justice and Tim Brown spoke in whispers. Then Tim went back to his chair beside the Deputy and the Justice stood, facing the men.

"I've decided to postpone this here trial fer a week, boys," the Justice said sternly. "I'm goin' to test out what Tim jest told me. But I give you my solemn word that I'll bring him back into this room an' sentence him to hangin' a week from today, if my scheme don't work out."

"The skunk don't deserve a week!" Hank Jenkins cried, jumping to his feet

and stepping forward toward the Justice. As he moved, his right foot twisted under him and he stumbled. But he regained his balance quickly.

Suddenly Tim Brown's eyes blazed.

"There's the man you want, Sam!" he shouted. "Hank Jenkins is the one who shot Bud an' stole the money!"

In the breathless, shocked second of silence which followed Tim's words, Hank Jenkins moved with lightning-like swiftness. He jumped behind the Justice and faced the startled men, his gun in his hand.

"I'll shoot the first one o' you that moves!" he bellowed.

But the Justice was too fast for him. He fell back against the table. His fingers touched his gun, lying there, and swirled its muzzle toward Hank. He pulled the trigger and Hank crumpled to the floor.

"How'd you figger it, Tim?" someone asked, after quiet had returned.

"When I got back to Sary's that night, I remembered that the robber's right ankle had twisted under him, when he was hurryin' to get his horse," Tim told the others. "I figgered that mebbe I could spot him in the railroad station at Millertown."

"I guess you kin run your court the way you want to after this, Sam," a middle-aged rancher drawled quietly. "You know how to go about gettin' justice done."


The Justice smiled as the crowded little room rang with cheers.



COWGIRLS' Bronc Riding




HUNT FOR OLD RUBBER TO TIRE OUT THE AXIS



ACCORDING TO ALL RECORDS AVAILABLE, THE FIRST COWGIRL WHO EVER PERFORMED IN A RODEO ARENA WAS "PRAIRIE ROSE" HENDERSON, THE DAUGHTER OF A WYOMING RANCHER. SHE WAS PERMITTED TO ENTER THE COWBOYS BRONC-RIDING CONTEST AT THE FRONTIER DAYS CELEBRATION IN CHEYENNE, WYOMING, BACK IN 1901. SOON THEREAFTER, A COWGIRLS' BRONC-RIDING EVENT TOOK ITS PLACE ON MANY OF THE RODEO PROGRAMS....

THE RULES OF THIS EVENT ARE MUCH THE SAME AS THOSE OF THE COWBOYS' BRONC-RIDING CONTEST, EXCEPT THAT MOST OF THE COWGIRLS RIDE WITH "HOBBLED STIRRUPS," THAT IS.. THE STIRRUPS ARE TIED FIRMLY TO THE HORSE'S SIDES BY A ROPE WHICH PASSES UNDER THE HORSE'S BODY...

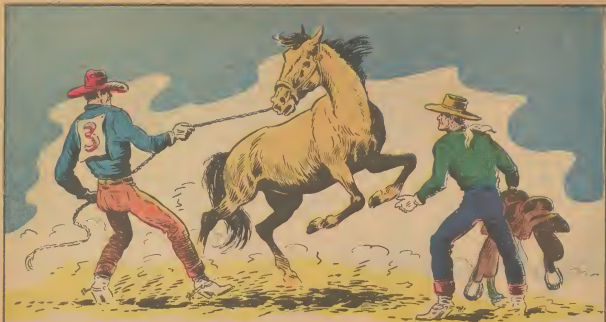


THE HORSES USED IN THIS CONTEST ARE SELECTED FROM THE REGULAR "BUCKING STRING," BUT USUALLY THE SMALLER "BRONCS" ARE PICKED. SOME OF THE LARGER BUCKING HORSES WILL WEIGH AS MUCH AS 1300 TO 1400 POUNDS. THE AVERAGE SADDLE HORSE WEIGHS AROUND 1100 POUNDS. THIS IS UNDOUBTEDLY ONE OF THE MOST STRENUOUS SPORTS IN WHICH WOMEN PARTICIPATE.

Wild Horse Race



TILL GOODMAN



THE WILD HORSE RACE IS AN EVENT FEATURED BY MOST OF THE LARGER RODEOS. THE HORSES USED ARE WILD RANGE STOCK THAT HAS NEVER BEEN "HALTER-BROKE" OR RIDDEN. THE RACE IS USUALLY LIMITED TO SIX OR EIGHT RIDERS. EACH RIDER HAS A HELPER TO ASSIST HIM IN SADDLING. AFTER EVERYONE IS SADDLED A SIGNAL IS GIVEN, THE RIDERS MOUNT AND ATTEMPT TO RIDE THEIR HORSES AROUND THE ARENA. SOME HORSES BUCK VICIOUSLY IN A SMALL CIRCLE, OTHERS "SULL," OR REFUSE TO BUDGE. MANY OF THEM RUN IN THE WRONG DIRECTION... THE FIRST RIDER TO CIRCLE THE ARENA IS ADJUDGED THE WINNER.



THE GOODMAN

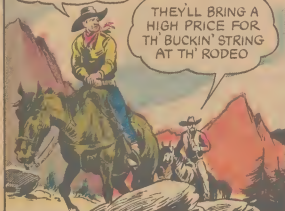
GOLD FLASH

GOLD FLASH, THE WILD BUCKSKIN COLT, WAS ROPED AND BRANDED BY BART WEST. BUT THE UNTAMED FLASH ESCAPED FROM THE CORRAL AND RETURNED TO THE FREEDOM OF THE PLAINS AND HILLS. BART VOWED THAT SOMEDAY THEY WOULD MEET AGAIN.



WE OUGHTTA PICK UP A FEW GOOD MUSTANGS 'ROUND HERE

THEY'LL BRING A HIGH PRICE FOR TH' BUCKIN' STRING AT TH' RODEO



LOOK AT THAT YELLER COLT WITH THAT BUNCH O' BROOMTAILS

YOU DONT RECKON IT'S THAT GOLD FLASH THAT BART WEST WAS TALKIN' ABOUT, DO YOU ?

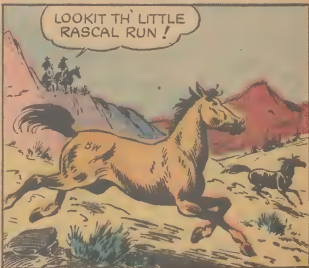


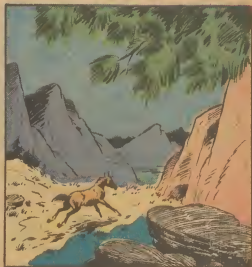
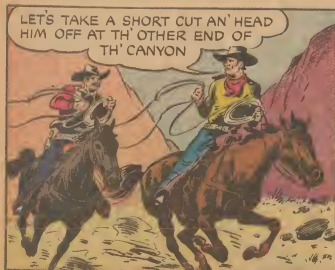
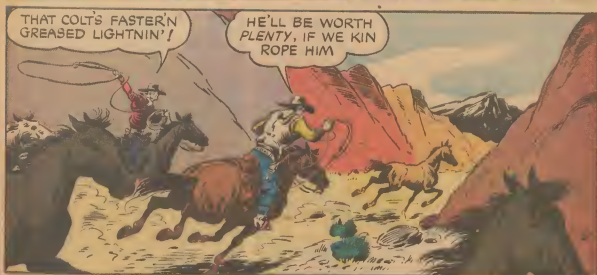
IT IS BART'S COLT ! I KIN SEE HIS BRAND !

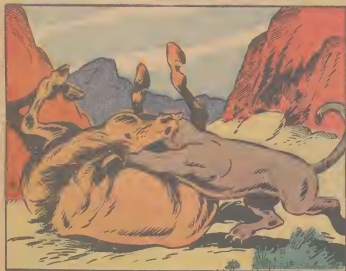
LET'S GIT HIM, JAKE. HE'S TH' FINEST LOOKIN' COLT I EVER SEEN

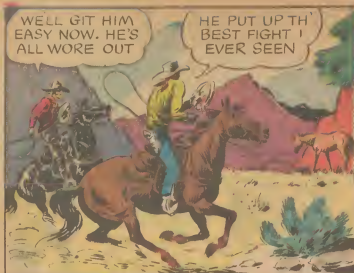


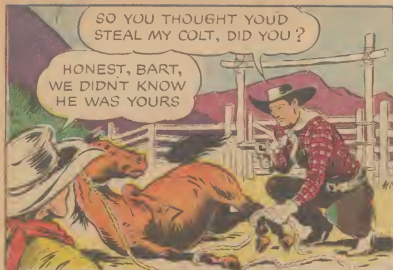
LOOKIT TH' LITTLE RASCAL RUN !











BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

The 97 Pound Weakling

—Who became "the World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

"I'll Prove that YOU, too, can be a NEW MAN!"

— *Charles Atlas*

I KNOW, myself, what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lbs! I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only **HALF-ALIVE**.

Then I discovered "*Dynamic Tension*." It gave me a body that won for me the title "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

When I say I can make you over into a man of giant power and energy, I know what I'm talking about. I've seen my new system, "*Dynamic Tension*," transform hundreds of weak, puny men into Atlas Champions.

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No "ifs," and "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, pepless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for details about "*Dynamic Tension*" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

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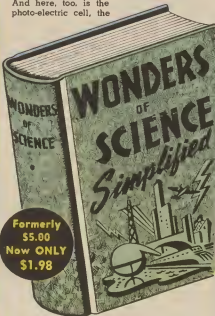
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drawing: miki + pichu (downtown)

THE TEEN TITANS

illustration

comicwonder edit



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